

Advice to a Painter, &c.

1679.

Spread a large Canvas, Painter, to contain
 The great Assembly and the numerous train,
 Who all about him shall in Council sit,
 Abjuring Wisdom, and despising Wit;
 Hating all Justice, and resolv'd to Fight,
 To rob his Native Country of its Right.

*First, Draw him falling prostrate to the South,
 Adoring ROME, this Libel in his mouth;
 Most Holy Father! being joyn'd in League,
 With Father Patrick, Darby, and with Teague,
 Thrown at Your Sacred Feet I humbly bow;
 I, and the wise Associates of my Vow,
 I swear not Fire nor Sword shall ever end,
 Till all this Nation to Your Foot-stool bend;
 Arm'd with bold Zeal & Blessings from your Hands,
 I'll raise my Irish and my Popish Bands;
 And by a Noble well-contrived Plot,
 Manag'd by wise Fitz-gerrard and by SCOT;
 Prove to the World I'll have old ENGLAND know,
 That Common Sense is my Eternal Fo:
 I ne're can fight in a more Glorious Cause,
 Then to destroy their Liberties and Laws:
 Their Parchment Presidents, their dull Records,
 Their House of Commons and their House of Lords.
 Shall these Men dare to contradict my Will?
 And think a Prince o'th Blood can er'e do ill?
 It is our Birth-right; We have power to kill?
 Shall these men dare to think, shall these decide
 The Way to Heav'n? and who shall be my Guide?*

A

Shall

Shall these pretend to say that Bread is Bread?
 Or that there is no Purgatory for the Dead,
 That Extreme Unction is but common Oyl,
 And not Infallible the Roman Soyl?
 I'll have these Villains in our Notions rest:
 You and I say it; Therefore it is best.

Next, Painter, Draw his *Mordant* by his side,
 Conveying his Religion, and his Bride;
 He who long since abjur'd the Royal Line,
 Does now in *Popery* with his Master joyn.

Then draw the Princess with her Golden Locks,
 Hasting to be Renowned with the P--
 And in her Youthful Veins receive that wound;
 Which sent N-- H--- before her under ground;
 That wound of which the tainted C----- fades,
 Preserv'd in store for the next set of Maids.

Poor P-----! born under some sullen Star,
 To find this welcom when you come so far:
 Better some Jealous Neighbour of your own
 Had call'd you to some sound, tho petty Throne;
 VVhere, 'twixt a wholsom Husband, and a Page,
 You might have linger'd out a longer age.

Then in false hopes of being once a Queen,
 Die before Twenty, Rot before Fifteen.

Now *Painter*, shew us in the blackest dye,
 The Councillors of all this Villany.

Clifford, who first appear'd in humble guise,
 VVas thought so meek, so modest, and so wise;
 But when he came to act upon the Stage,
 He prov'd the mad *Cethegus* of our age:

He and the Duke had each too great a mind
 To be by Justice, or by Law confin'd;
 Their boyling Heads can hear no other sounds,
 Then Fleets & Armies, Battles, Blood & wounds;
 And to destroy our Liberty they hope,
 In *Irish* Fools, and in a Doring *POPE*.

Then Painter shew thy Skill, and in fit place
 Let's see the *Nuncio Arundel's* sweet face;
 Let the Beholders by thy art destroy
 His Sense, and Soul as squinting as his Eye.

Let *Bellasis* autumnal face be seen,
 Rich with the spoil of a poor *Algerine*,
 VWho trusting in him, was by him betray'd;
 And so should we, were his advice obey'd;
 The *Hero* once got Honour by the Sword,
 He got his wealth by breaking of his word;
 He now has got his Daughter great with Child
 And Pimps to have his Family defil'd.

Next Painter draw the Rabble of the *PLOT*,
German, Fitz-gerard, Loftus, Porter, Scott;
 These are fit Heads indeed to turn a State,
 And change the Order of a Nations Fate;
 Ten thousand such as these can ne're controul,
 The smallest atoms of an *English* Soul.
 Old *England* on its strong Foundation stands,
 Defying all their Heads, and all their Hands;
 It's steady *Basis* never could be shook,
 VVhen wiser Heads its ruine undertook;
 And can her *Guardian-Angel* let her stoop
 At last to *Fools*, to *Mad-men*, and the *POPE*.
No Painter, no; Close up thy Piece, and see
This Croud of Traytors hang in Effigie.

To the KING.

Great CHARLES, who full of Mercy
would'st Command

In Peace and Plenty this thy Native Land ;
At last take pity on thy tott'ring Throne,
Shook by the faults of others, not thy own :
Let not thy Life and Crown together end,
Destroy'd by a false Brother, and false Friend :
Observe the Danger that appears so near,
And all your Subjects do each minute fear ;
A drop of Poison, or a Popish Knife,
Ends all the Joys of *England* with your Life.
Brothers 'tis true should be by Nature kind ;
But to a Zealous and Ambitious Mind,
Brib'd by a Crown on Earth, and one above,
There's no more Friendship, Tendernefs, or Love.
See in all Ages what Examples are
Of Monarchs murder'd by th' impatient Heir.
Hard Fate of Princes, who will ne'r believe,
Till the Stroke's struck, which they can ne'r
retrieve.

F I N I S.